

Stupid by gendryxaryatrash

Category: A Song of Ice and Fire - George R. R. Martin, Game of Thrones (TV), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Arya Stark, Bran Stark, Brienne of Tarth, Catelyn Tully Stark, Gendry Waters, Hot Pie (ASoIaF), Jaime Lannister, Lommy Greenhands, Margaery Tyrell, Ned Stark, Podrick Payne, Sansa Stark

Relationships: Arya Stark/Gendry Waters, Jaime Lannister/Brienne of Tarth, Sansa Stark/Margaery Tyrell

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-22

Updated: 2018-01-10

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:19:45

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,304

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Stranger Things crossover with Game of Thrones. Mainly AryaxGendry story with JaimexBrienne and SansaxMargaery. Should assume that most of the events from Stranger Things 1 and 2 have happened to these characters and that it's been eight years since everything first started. It's my first ever crossover and first time writing in sort of the Stranger Things universe.

This is a gift for Val_Creative for GoT Secret Santa. I hope you like it, love, and that you're surprised when I reveal myself!

1. 1

Author's Note:

- For [Val_Creative](#).

Stupid. He's so stupid. Blankly, Gendry remembers the first time that word really stuck. It was soon after they'd found her in the woods. Him and Hot Pie and Lommy. They'd been looking for Bran against the express wish of all their parents who were worried they'd go missing just like Bran.

Arya had been drenched in rain, a yellow sweatshirt swallowing her whole. They'd thought then that she was a boy. With her shaved head and the long stick she's been clutching in front of her like a weapon. Gendry had been the first to realize she was a girl. He'd hid her in his basement against the protests of Lommy and Hot Pie.

"Stupid," she repeated after Lommy when he'd been yelling at Gendry about it all.

The way she'd said the word gave him the impression she didn't know what the word meant. Gendry had groaned and dropped his head dejectedly into his hands.

"Me," he'd said in explanation. "I'm stupid." The name had stuck long after she'd found out it wasn't actually his name.

Now it was just her nickname for him. Pet name, more like, Lommy would say, but Gendry couldn't let himself believe Arya saw him like that.

It had been almost eight years since then, and almost six since the sheriff, Ned Stark, had adopted Arya. Almost four since anything strange had happened in their small town. It was winter break, and Arya had come home to visit from university. Although they wrote each other letters and chatted on the phone almost constantly throughout the year, Gendry always found himself awkward around Arya when he saw her in person. At least ever since high school had ended and they'd gone their separate ways.

Gendry had started classes at the local college, but after his father had died, he'd had to drop out to work to help his older sister Mya support their mother and younger sister, Barra. Now he was the town's local welder. He was the best at his job, but he somehow felt it would never be good enough to measure up to Arya who was studying politics and economics. Even the lowest of the low of the boys in her classes must somehow outshine him, he knew. Although they'd seemed to flirt through the last half of middle school and all of high school, he'd never quite gotten up the courage to...well, do anything. And now he knew he didn't stand a chance.

Gendry had just said goodbye to her and her adopted father Ned at their cabin in the woods where they were now having movie night. They'd lingered on the door step with little else to say except for goodbye, but they'd both hovered as if they'd had more to say. Her hair had long since grown back and though she kept it shoulder length, it framed her face in a way that was lovely to him even though he knew she didn't groom like a lot of girls did.

"I'll stop by the shop tomorrow then, stupid," she'd promised, punching him in the arm. She was stronger than when they'd been kids and didn't hold back, so it hurt enough for him to flinch and grab her arm playfully.

He didn't know how it happened but the next moment they were wrestling like they hadn't since middle school and ended up tumbling around in the leaves and brush surrounding the entrance of the sheriff's cottage. She was quick, but he was stronger and he soon pinned her to the ground, careful to pin her legs so she couldn't knee him in the groin. They were both flush and out of breath when he finally looked into her eyes and the playfulness that had started out there was gone replaced with something much hungrier.

It was the approaching rumble of the sheriff's large truck - he still drove the same as he had years ago - and suddenly, without any effort of his own, Gendry was flying backwards and off of Arya who was red in the face as she hopped off her feet, her arm still outstretched from using her powers to lift Gendry from his feet. He always forgot when they were play fighting how much stronger she actually was. The last gaze of her he got, she was wiping blood from under her nose.

Gendry had taken off with barely even a hello-goodbye to the sheriff who was watching the two of them both curiously and disapprovingly.

Gendry wasn't sure what had passed between them then but he didn't want to give himself false hope that the girl he'd been in love with since they were eleven years old was in love with him too. It couldn't be.

Arya studied her face in the mirror of the cabin's tiny bathroom to make sure no blood lingered beneath her nose so her father wouldn't know she'd used her powers unnecessarily, though she'd rather he know that than have caught her and Gendry in the compromising position they'd been in. Arya flushed again and the bathroom cabinets trembled with the burst of her power. She took a deep breath. This was new; she had to figure out how to get her powers under control whenever she around Gendry, especially when he was touching her.

Arya slipped out of the bathroom, a genuine smile plastered on her face as she threw her arms around her father.

"Five three five." She muttered into his neck, noting the time on the clock on the wall behind her father, the time he'd promised he'd meet her at the cabin for movie night.

Her father chuckled. "Yes, sweetling. Five thirty-five, just like I promised."

Arya and her father no longer permanently lived in the cabin. They frequented it only for the memories. Years ago, Ned had married Arya's now stepmother Cat, and sweet Bran had become her stepbrother. Ned and Cat had bought a ruin of a house, fifteen minutes from town. In their younger days, Arya and Bran had dubbed it Winterfell. It was there that Cat and Bran waited for them to complete their father-daughter ritual, one started years before the four had become a complete family. Five really, if you counted Sansa,

Arya's sister, if not by blood. After discovering her and that, like Arya, she'd been another victim of Qyburn Industries, Ned had taken no time in opening his arms for her in welcome. She too had powers, though much different from Arya's. She was away at university still, working on her thesis with her girlfriend Margaery and should be joining them for the holidays shortly.

Arya fell heavily onto the old frayed couch next to her father, a bowl of popcorn and pile of snacks and candies nestled between them as her father pressed play on the VCR remote, allowing the comforting, powerful Star Wars theme song to overtake her senses.

Gendry lit the blowtorch, allowing the flames to heat to the proper degree before turning it on the slab of metal before him. It was a sort of meditation for him, this job, which made it more a way of life for him than a job. His hair fell messily over his eyes as it was wont to do, and he shoved it away from his face with the back of his hand before resuming the shaping of the metal. He didn't notice the door slide quietly open behind him, but he felt the draft of air moments later, cold as any winter he could remember before. When he turned, he wasn't surprised to see Arya lounging casually against a wicker bench he'd installed there specifically for that purpose, as if she'd been there all day.

He flicked the blowtorch off and stared at her. She stared back.

"Stupid," she murmured, this time much more an endearment than a challenge.

"Arya." he said her name. And it was as if he heard himself over the years calling her name in desperation as he had each time she'd disappeared from his life.

She seemed to read it all on his face, though her powers were more telekinetic in nature than psychic. "Eight." She whispered. And he knew she meant eight years since it had all begun. As if the wind itself knew the meaning of her words, it howled ominously through

the crack in the door. Arya shivered. Gendry started, then strode towards the door and shut it gently, then picked a blanket up from a nearby cabinet and draped it over her before plopping down next to her.

“Nothing’s happened for more than four years.” Gendry said in what he hoped was a soothing voice.

Arya gave him that look she reserved for him only when he was being especially stupid.

“We have to check.” Her voice left no room for deliberation.

But Gendry never could help deliberating with her. “It’ll do us no good to check. It’s just inviting danger. We should go to the arcade like old times. Or just go get pizza.”

She was glaring at him from beneath the fold of blanket she’d draped over her head. And though she’d aged somewhat, and gracefully at that, with a few adjustments, her hair hidden, she could be the same terrified little girl he’d happened across so long ago.

He sighed in frustration before burying his face in his hands.

He seemed to be doing that a lot around her lately, for one reason or another.

“Arya,” he tried to say her name gently but it came out in a strangled tone. She shifted in her seat and scrambled to find his hand from under her blanket. He let her take it tightly.

“You don’t know-.” His voice broke and she squeezed his hand.

“Nothing will happen.” She promised in voice of steel.

“You don’t know that,” he almost snapped, so irritated with her he could barely stand it, but the irritation quickly gave in to fear once more and he had to be quick to snatch her hand back when she’d pulled away because he had raised his voice.

“Arya,” he repeated. “You don’t know what-.” But his voice broke again. He powered through. “You don’t know what it’s like to lose

you. I can't let that happen again." He paused as all his emotions that he'd been holding back for years came flooding out. "It's bad enough I lost you to New York and college, but at least I know you're happy there, that you're safe. But if I lose you to it again..."

His voice trailed off and he realized he'd said more than he'd meant to. Her face was pale and she was staring at him with a surprised expression. He pulled his own hand away now and turned away as he wiped his face, giving in to the inevitable.

He stood clearing his throat. "Let's go." His voice flat now. "Lommy, Hot Pie and Bran are going to be furious if we make them wait any longer."

Gendry slid his arms into his jean jacket and went to slide the shop door open but it was stuck. The harder he pulled, the firmer and more stubborn in place it seemed to be. Realization hit Gendry as he turned to see Arya rising from the bench and wiping blood from her nose.

She had a furious look. "You. Won't. Lose. Me. Again." She said each word as if it was its own proper sentence as she approached where he stood, stunned. Then she threw herself into his arms and buried her face in his neck. "Not to college or New York or anything," she whispered.

He held her tightly letting the embrace speak for itself. Finally when they both felt better, he let her slide out of his arms but didn't take his arm from around her.

"Did you bring Needle?" Gendry asked in amusement.

She smiled and stretched out a hand and Gendry saw the long stick he'd found clutched in her fingers so long ago floating in through the window and into Arya's palm.

"Let's go to the King's Road," he grinned, indicating the street they had nicknamed for one of their favorite stories when they were children, where it had all started and where their three companions should be waiting for them.

2. 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope this is alright, I've never written JaimexBrienne or SansaxMargaery before. Sorry it's short, promise to make the next one longer!

Jaime paced back and forth on Tarth Street waiting for the family car to come around the bend. He hadn't seen Brienne since they'd both gotten home for the holidays. It was just as the car turned the corner that he realized it might look strange that he was lurking there waiting for her.

To his surprise, Brienne's father and his latest girlfriend were nowhere in sight. Instead, Brienne drove, her friend Pod in the passenger seat. Jaime's face tightened. He turned, shaking his head and began to stride off.

In truth, he knew she'd already seen him and was hoping she would shout for him to stop, but he knew her much better than that. Which is why when he got to the corner, he stopped and turned around. She was standing half in and out of the car, gazing his way. She said nothing, but when she looked away, Jaime groaned quietly and started back.

"Kinlayer" Pod said in surprise, only just noticing he was there, alluding to the nasty, false rumors that had followed him through high school despite his popularity there.

"Call him Jaime, Podrick" Brienne said in a serious tone.

Jaime ignored the apologetic Pod. "And what should I call you, wench?" Jaime asked in a low voice he knew would make her cheeks turn red, using the nickname he'd taken out of a story in literature for her, also back in high school.

Sure enough, her face warmed and she slammed the car door shut and strode silently toward the door, as was her custom.

“We should check,” Jaime couldn’t help but blurt out.

Brienne turned, a startled look on her face. “That’s what you’re here about?” She asked, never being able to hold in words when surprised, as she seemed to regret them a moment later.

“Do I sense disappointment,” Jaime taunted lightly. Brienne glared at him then Pod who put his hands up defensively.

“I’ll go get Oathkeeper,” Brienne managed.

Minutes later, Brienne returned with the outline of the pistol clear in her jacket.

“Do you have the bat?”

Jaime gave a cat-like grin and kicked the trunk of his car open. The bat gleamed in the streetlight as Pod flicked his lighter on and off.

“Let’s go check,” Brienne said decisively, climbing into the passenger seat of Jaime’s car.

They had foregone Gendry’s car for old time’s sake. Arya held tightly onto his shoulders as he biked swiftly down the highway. He was only just out of breath, being used to the heavier lifting of metal rather than a long winded bike ride. From time to time, Gendry could feel Arya play with the tendrils of his hair, and it comforted him endlessly. He wished he could reach back and take hold of her hand as he might have been able to do if they had driven instead.

The thought slowly dwindled as three other bikes came into view. Gendry slowed as they approached, his heart beginning to pound at the worried look on Hot Pie’s face. Gendry’s eyes went straight to the electronic device in his friend’s hands.

“What is it?” Gendry barely got to finish his sentence when he felt Arya hopping off the bike and saw the device float swiftly from Hot Pie’s hands to Arya’s. Her brow furrowed immediately as she

concentrated on expanding the power of the device which began to beep furiously. The device dropped from Arya's hands as she put a hand to her head, perplexed.

"What?!" Gendry demanded, striding up to Arya and using the end of his jacket sleeve to wipe the blood from her nose.

"Wights" Arya muttered in disbelief.

All four young men looked at each other in terror at the name of yet another monster from their beloved Dungeons and Dragons, which they had not touched for years.

Gendry swallowed hard. "What do we need to do?" His tone left no room for nonsense as they all turned to Arya for guidance.

Sansa whooped as she pressed the gas down harder, switching gears. At her side, Margaery cheered her on. They were driving down the empty highway, the wind blowing their hair back wildly. They'd both just finished their theses and would never have to step foot in a school again, unless they decided to teach, which was likely.

It was late at night but the sun seemed to beam high overhead while a humongous rainbow in various tones of pink and purple loomed high over the ocean which looked like it was made of silver glitter. Birds of the prettiest shades of gold and pink flicked overhead chirping to the tune of Margaery's favorite songs. Suddenly it all flickered, and Sansa realize it was because something was wrong.

But not here.

Margaery's sweet adoring look of love and adoration melted into worry. "Sansa," she started. Then Sansa's large block of a phone, resting between the seats, began to ring shrilly. The bright sky above faded into the blackest blue of midnight but for the silver moon reflected in the black ocean below.

Sansa screeched into a U-turn and before answering the phone said,

“We’re going to Hawkins.”

Jaime pulled up to the clearing just as the boys and Arya were mounting their bikes.

“Arya,” Brienne murmured, then scrambled for the door handle. Jaime smiled, knowing it was broken from the inside unless you jiggled it just the right way. He let her struggle for a moment.

“Damn it, Jaime” Brienne hit the handle with her fist. “What’s wrong with this thing?”

He let her glare at him, then smiling nonchalantly, he reached over her, his face only inches from hers, then smiled fiercely as he jiggled the handle in just the right way and swung the door open.

Brienne swept from the car, her face on fire. Jaime realized he wasn’t completely unbothered himself from the interaction. Gritting his teeth, he swept out of the car and toward the group of what to him would always be young kids. Brienne was fretting over Arya and Jamie couldn’t help but smile. Though only five or six years older than them, Brienne has such an affinity for Arya and her adopted sister Sansa.

Jamie greeted Hot Pie warmly, inquired as to his love life and let him hold the bat but then noticed something was wrong on all the faces of the kids.

“What is it?” He asked worriedly. He’d been sure this would be the usual annual reunion, ending at the local pizza parlor, with beer now instead of soda.

It was Arya who responded. “The upside down.” She whispered gloomily.

Brienne started, her knuckles turning white, one hand instinctively going to her gun. “Are you sure?”

Arya nodded solemnly, her eyes wide. “Sansa is on her way.”

“How long do we have?” Jaime wondered. There always seemed to be a timeline for these things.

“Not long,” was Arya’s curt response because she seemed to be focusing, eyes glazed, on something none of the rest of them could see except for perhaps Bran who was just as pale. Jamie noticed Gendry’s hand held Arya’s and Jamie’s eyes traveled up their arms to Gendry’s face. Gendry noticed the look and seemed to challenge Jaime to say or do something. That was new. Jaime was going to have to have a talk with Gendry. And soon. Arya was attending a great university in a big city. The last thing she needed was distractions from small town boys with angry blue eyes.